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FIRST

John B. Graber
Family Reunion

Pretty Prairie, Kansas

MAY 30, 1944

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PROGRAM

Mennonite Church Basement—Pretty Prairie, Kansas
MAY 30, 1944

Chairman — R. Albert Graber

Family Pictures Display
Meal Blessing — John B. Graber

Program — 2:00 P.M.

Scripture Reading (Psalm 46) R. Albert Graber
Prayer Peter W. Kaufman (Oldest member present)
Short Explanation, "Why This Union" R. Albert Graber
Group Singing Led by John B. Graber

Accompanied by Mrs. John B. Graber
"Faith of Our Fathers" — "Ich Wiss Einen Strom"

History of the John B. Graber Family
Prepared by Arthur Graber. (Due to an accident, he was
not able to be present, and it was read by Walter W.
Grabers.)

Letters of response from members not present were
read by the Chairman. Letters from Mr. and Mrs.
Victor Huxman and Max H. Graber were read.

Ladies Octet Mrs. Philip P. Graber
Reading of the Names of the 10 Children of John B. Graber
and Their Children

Mens Octet Ben J. Graber
Reminiscences John R. Graber
(The oldest living child of John B. Graber.)

Reminiscences Mrs. Emma Goering
Poem Mrs. Andrew Albrecht
(Written by R. Albert Graber)

Poem Chairman
(Written by Mrs. Ben B. Graber)

Extemporaneous Short Talk Jonas Kaufman of California
Business Vote for Another Meeting Carried
Motion Meet in Three Years. Carried
Election of Committee for Next Reunion:

Joe M. Graber
Herman R. Graber
Joe C. Graber

Offering — \$27.37 — To Cover Expenses

A suggestion was made to make a family tree. A motion
was made that the new committee appoint a committee
of three for the making of the family tree.

Closing Prayer Jacob B. Graber
Closing Song—"God Be With You 'Till We Meet Again"

HISTORY

of the John B. Graber family

(Compiled by A. J. Graber; read by Walter W. Graber)

Grandfather John B. Graber was born February 7, 1840, in the village of Horodish, Gouv. Valhynien, Russia, the oldest son of Peter and Maria Strauss Graber. His youthful years were spent in Russia, and it was there that he married Maria Goering, who was born December 5, 1841. The wedding took place in 1860. To this union there were born ten children, the eldest daughter known to everyone as "Hanyabas", wife of Joe C. Graber. Three years later, "Maringabas", wife of J. K. Graber, arrived as the second daughter. "Frenibas", wife of P. W. Kaufman, was the third child. The fourth and last child to be born in Russia was a son, Uncle Peter J. Graber.

Grandfather John B. Graber was among those pioneers who left Russia and immigrated to the United States, arriving at Marion, South Dakota in 1874. He, his wife, and children represented one of the original families of the "Kotosufta" group who stuck by the Mennonite principles of non-resistance, abandoning Fatherland and home to establish themselves in a new land where they could follow the dictates of their conscience and remain true to their religious convictions.

South Dakota Territory was then an undeveloped domain which required a fortitude and stamina beyond the average man's endurance. The ability of this family to survive in an unfavorable environment deserves our admiration. They were not soft; they thrived and triumphed over conditions which often were very difficult.

During their brief sojourn near the town of Marion, South Dakota, four more children were born to this union. Uncle John R. Graber; "Leisabas", deceased wife of P. J. Krehbiel; Uncle Jacob B. Graber and "Katrinabas," deceased wife of Uncle Joe Schrag. It might be noted here that the four children born in Russia have already passed on to their reward, as have their two daughters, "Leisabas" and "Katrinabas", who were born in South Dakota. In the year 1884, Grandfather decided to leave the rigorous climate of South Dakota and move to Kansas, where other members of this same colonial group had already moved. They settled three and one-half miles east of

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the present site of Pretty Prairie. It was at this location that the last two children, Aunt Carrie and Uncle Ben, were born. Less than forty years before Grandfather's birth, the United States paid France four cents an acre for the land on which this pioneer settled, and where Aunt Carrie and Philip and his family now live.

The government sold some of this land to these early pioneers for \$1.25 an acre, and even gave a part of it away for the mere cost of filing a fee. Our Grandfather and his children took this land, and with their labor built a home for themselves and their children. They reared their families with a notion in their heads and hearts that they are entitled only to what they earn and that Uncle Sam does not owe them a living.

Without doubt, every one of the children born on this spot have memories of their happy childhood. This immediate vicinity, on which bordered the homesteads of Grandfather John B. Graber, Andrew Swartz and Ed Cogswell, a few decades ago at this time of the year, was a veritable panorama of pink and white and yellow blossoms, fragrant fruit orchards, vineyards and beautiful groves, and I am sure many of the grandchildren will agree with me that nothing tasted quite so good to a hungry boy as did the "pflaumamuesse" Grandma spread on bread or on cookies she had to offer when she called us in on our way home from school.

Someone has said that "Home is a place where one has spent a happy childhood." Those of us who spent our youth on or near this spot can testify from experience to the truth of this statement. Most of the living creatures, as well as most of the buildings are gone. With perhaps one exception, no building that Grandfather placed here remains. The scene has changed as only nature and the hand of man can change it. A few fruit trees, a cottonwood here and there, and a few isolated landmarks still survive. Besides that we have mostly memories. Memories of Grandfather's top-buggy and horse, of the well-known white sway-back mare named "Leddy", his two dogs, "Bruno" and "Pondo", and the Cogswell swimming hole.

I'm sure that if Grandfather and Grandmother Graber could be with us today, they would not only be deeply interested to walk around on this spot, but they would also be highly pleased with all the new improvements put here by his daughter and grandson. The history of

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his family should create a desire to cherish his memory. It should teach us anew to have faith in the family as an institution for the reproduction of the race and for the preservation of Christian culture. Let us hold to the faith of our fathers by passing from one generation to another the heritage of a family, farm, and holding to the principle of private ownership of land as a foundation of our freedom and the basis of our democracy.

LETTER

(From Mr. and Mrs. Victor Huxman)

Union Grove., Wisc.

May 22, 1944

"Hello Everybody:

We are indeed very sorry that we can't be in your midst on such an occasion, but we will be with you in thought.

"Just now we are having foggy and wet weather. It has been this way for almost a week, and it is plenty cool, too. There has been just one day when we went to work without a coat or a jacket.

"We are enjoying our work very much. It is really very interesting. Sometimes it is quite comical, while at other times it is sad, too.

"The Lord is very near and dear to us. It is only to Him that we can go to find grace sufficient to overcome troubles and trials that come upon us.

"We really feel lucky to be in a place like this, especially when we think of the places where many others are. As yet we haven't experienced anything by which we can say our patients are dangerous or something to be scared of. We have runaways once in a while, but they never run so far but what they're caught and brought back.

"It is getting to be that time of year when it is warm enough to take out our patients who are helpless and can't walk. We carry them out and then watch them so that they don't get hurt in any way. We spend much of our time outdoors with our patients.

"In closing, we hope that this is a very happy occasion to each and every one of you and we hope we can be with you in the near future.

"With Love,

"Mr. and Mrs. Victor Huxman"

Summary of Talk Given by John R. Graber

(Oldest Living Member of the John B. Graber Family)

Our parents came to South Dakota from Russia in the year 1874 with others of like faith who were seeking a new home where they would be free from compulsory military service. My earliest recollections go back to the year 1879 when my eldest sister, Anna, and Joe C. Graber were married.

Our farming was very primitive. I recall that before the sod could be broken, we had to haul off the rocks. The ground for corn was prepared as for wheat. First it was plowed, then harrowed. The field was check-rowed with a home-made marker that had four runners. First it was drawn across the field one way and then the other, thus marking it off in squares. We then followed up with a hoe and planted the corn at every cross. When the corn was large enough, it was cultivated with a two-shovel walking cultivator, drawn by one horse. All other small grain was planted by broadcasting and was harrowed into the ground.

Harvesting was done with a reaper, which cut it off and laid it in bunches. The men followed it up and bound it in bundles, using wheat for twine. Generally, three men followed one reaper. The next improvement in harvesting grain was a machine called a harvester, which elevated the grain while two men stood on a platform at the end of the elevator. Taking the grain from the elevator, they bound it into bundles. The grain was then threshed by a separator that was powered by horses and fed by hand, instead of a self-feeder. The grain was run into half-bushel buckets, then sacked.

In the year 1883, my sister, Marie, and Jacob K. Graber were married. Among the guests at the wedding were Uncle Ben Stucky (Ben-u-men-veater); Uncle Jake Goering (Bub-bretz-a-veater); and Uncle Pete Goering (Cchlosser); all of whom came from Kansas. While there, they told us that we were foolish to stay in this cold climate; for Kansas' climate was much milder and farming methods were more advanced. This immediately gave us the Kansas fever, and the same winter, about fifteen men went to Kansas to investigate the land. Before they returned, they each purchased a home east of the present town of Pretty Prairie.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

IN TWO VOLUMES.
BY
JOHN HUTCHINGS, ESQ.
OF THE BARR.

THE FIRST VOLUME.
CONTAINING
THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST
SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT
TIME.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
BY
JOHN HUTCHINGS, ESQ.
OF THE BARR.

THE SECOND VOLUME.
CONTAINING
THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST
SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT
TIME.

In the spring of 1884, a large group migrated to Kansas. This meant another pioneer experience for them. Such provisions as could be conveniently brought along were placed in a box car; two families to one car. Among the things that were brought were horses, cows, walking plows, harrows, etc. To these people, this seemed to be the land of promise; yet they experienced many hardships such as crop failures, etc., and paying twenty-four per cent interest. The people were poor, but, nevertheless, very hospitable.

Some of the tasks that confronted them in this new home were breaking sod and building a dwelling and a barn. Since horses were high in price, and the people were not financially able to buy them, much of the sod was turned with oxen. Here in Kansas, we saw our first wheat binder, that tied its own bundles, also the first wheat drill. The first threshing separator was owned by Joe C. Graber.

The nearest markets and towns where supplies could be purchased were Murdock, Hutchinson, and Kingman. There were a few rural school houses, but these were too far away and traveling was too difficult for most children to attend. The Purity store and the postoffice were located on the land now owned by P. P. Schrag.

Our people felt the necessity of worshiping God together, and since there was as yet no church building, services were conducted in homes; the first spring in Andrew Schwartz's home, then in 1885 when our home was completed, church services were held at our place. North of the house was the Sunday school. Joe C. Graber taught the boys class. Here services continued until 1886, at which time a store was purchased east of Murdock and moved to the site where the Pretty Prairie Mennonite church now stands. This building was used as a church until about 1900, then it was sold to Joe C. Graber, who moved it to the place where Mrs. Henry C. Graber now lives, where it was used for a barn. This building still stands on the place today.

This building was replaced by a church that stood only a short while until it was destroyed by a tornado. This building in turn was replaced by one that served for several years and was destroyed by fire in the year 1904. In 1905, the church building that most of you remember was built, and served us until 1928, when it was taken down, and the brick building in which we are assembled was built.

The first part of the paper is devoted to a general discussion of the problem of the origin of life. It is shown that the problem is one of the most important and interesting in the history of science. The author discusses the various theories of the origin of life, and shows that the most probable one is that life originated from non-living matter. The author also discusses the possibility of life existing on other planets, and shows that it is very probable that life does exist elsewhere in the universe.

The second part of the paper is devoted to a detailed discussion of the chemical evolution of life. It is shown that the chemical evolution of life is a process that has taken place over a long period of time, and that it is still taking place today. The author discusses the various stages of chemical evolution, and shows that the most important stage is the formation of the first living organisms. The author also discusses the possibility of life existing on other planets, and shows that it is very probable that life does exist elsewhere in the universe.

The third part of the paper is devoted to a detailed discussion of the biological evolution of life. It is shown that the biological evolution of life is a process that has taken place over a long period of time, and that it is still taking place today. The author discusses the various stages of biological evolution, and shows that the most important stage is the formation of the first living organisms. The author also discusses the possibility of life existing on other planets, and shows that it is very probable that life does exist elsewhere in the universe.

The fourth part of the paper is devoted to a detailed discussion of the evolution of life on Earth. It is shown that the evolution of life on Earth is a process that has taken place over a long period of time, and that it is still taking place today. The author discusses the various stages of evolution, and shows that the most important stage is the formation of the first living organisms. The author also discusses the possibility of life existing on other planets, and shows that it is very probable that life does exist elsewhere in the universe.

The fifth part of the paper is devoted to a detailed discussion of the evolution of life on Mars. It is shown that the evolution of life on Mars is a process that has taken place over a long period of time, and that it is still taking place today. The author discusses the various stages of evolution, and shows that the most important stage is the formation of the first living organisms. The author also discusses the possibility of life existing on other planets, and shows that it is very probable that life does exist elsewhere in the universe.

In looking back over the years, I can recall many hardships, many trying times, yet I also see much cause to be thankful. To the youth that are gathered here today, I wish to say things look rather dark; what the future holds for you is hard to say. I can, however, give you this assurance: If you will place the same faith in God that your forefathers did, you need not fear the future.

LETTER

(From Max H. Graber)

U.S.S. YAKUTAT (AVP-32)

c-o Fleet Postoffice

San Francisco, May 20, 1944

"Dear Relatives:

"It is my deepest regret that I am unable to attend the family gathering of the John B. Graber family, the grandparents of my father.

Although while writing this letter it is impossible for me to say or determine my whereabouts on the 30th of May, I will be thinking of all, and ever imagining how wonderful it would be to be present.

"During the present crisis, it is impossible for many of us to be present, and may a prayer be offered for the speedy and safe return of the missing. Again may I say, that whoever we, the missing, may be, you can be confident that all those dear to us are constantly in our prayers and thoughts.

"Yes, I am a Graber and very proud to be one. I am only a rivet, and a tiny one at that, in the big moving wheel representing a large and ever-increasing family of Grabers. True, sometimes balance has been shifted off-center, but the wheel is a good one and has always returned to a steady and ever-moving roll on the road of progress. May the time be soon when this wheel will be permitted to travel down the road of progression without suffering from the unbalanced effects created from the rough cobblestones of a terrible war.

"In closing, again I wish to express my sorrow in being one of the absent, but wish happiness, good health and lots of good luck to all members of the great family of which I am proud to be a member. I am longing for the time when I will again be back in the same pasture. I remain:

A lovable relative to all,
Max H. Graber."

DESCENDANTS of the John B. Graber family

Group 1 — Anna, Deceased Joseph C. Graber, Deceased

Henry, Deceased
Carrie Krehbiel

Emil, Deceased
Marie Stucky

Elizabeth
Peter P. Goering, Deceased

Anna
Simon Stucky

Francis
Tobias Schrag

Martha
Christian Schrag

Jacob, Deceased

Ida
Amos Stucky

Emma
John J. Goering

Joseph C., Jr.
Della Waltner

Group 2 — Mary, Deceased Jacob K. Graber, Deceased

Francis
Joseph J. Kaufman

Jonas W.
Elizabeth Graber

Emma
Dr. Bernard J. Stucky

Joseph M.
Elsie Graber

Arthur J.
Marie Miller

Hulda
Paul J. Voran

Lena
Ed R. Krehbiel

Edna
Arthur Waltner

Walter W.
Jean Arbuckle

Group 3 — Francis, Deceased Peter W. Kaufman

Alfred H.
Emma Stucky

Jonas
Anna Graber, Deceased

Emma
Henry P. Krehbiel

Elizabeth
Peter G. Stucky

John W.
Bertha Voran

Anna, Deceased

Lydia
Ed Goering

Alma
Andrew Albrecht

Francis
Charles Lockwood

Clara

Group 4 — Peter J., Deceased Anna Schwartz, Deceased

Elizabeth
Dave J. Flickner

John P. J.
Kate Flickner

Benjamin J.
Martha Schwartz

Lena, Deceased
Arthur H. Krehbiel

Anna
Peter Kaufman

Emma
Rudy M. Krehbiel

Jacob, Deceased

Lawrence J.
Elsie Junke

Florence
John J. Flickner

Mathilda

**Group 5 — John R.
Elizabeth Stucky**Herman R.
Selma VoranBernard R.
Saloma MillerR. Albert
Anna VoranJacob E.
Selma EnnsIrvin K.
Lillie StuckyWillard E.
Linda Graber**Group 6 — Elizabeth, Deceased**Peter J. Krehbiel
(2nd wife: Rosa Graber)John
Emma GraberEdna
Henry Krehbiel, Deceased
(2nd husband: John Flickner)Irvin R.
Mary Albright**Group 7 — Jacob B.
Elizabeth Goering**Martha
Harvey L. KrehbielAlbert B.
Viola AlbrightFreida
Marvin Schrag

Anna

Ella

John B., Jr.
Dorothy Krehbiel**Group 8 — Katherine, Deceased
Joseph Schrag**Edna
Eric GoeringHerman H.
Viola GraberLydia
Philip GraberArthur
Dorothy Goering**Group 9 — Carrie
Joseph P. A. Stucky, Deceased**Philip J.
Lorena Goering**Group 10 — Ben B.
Francis Stucky**Edith
Elton FahrneyRosella
Alan RisleyFreida
Clifford KaufmanFloyd
Alice KaufmanPhilip
Lola Voran

Anna Lorena

Marvin

Names on List (May 30, 1944) 145

Deceased 19

Living 126

Unmarried 6

(Five Girls; One Boy)

Families in Which There Have Been No Deaths 3

SECRET

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“Reminiscing”

(By Mrs. Emma Graber Goering)

We are here today to commemorate in honor of our grandparents, Grandfather and Grandmother Graber. We also wish to include our parents. Were they with us today, their hearts would certainly be filled with joy to see so many of us here. Considering everything—for instance the way things seemed in their time, when the young hopefuls did not seem too promising, they would say, “Everything turned out unexpectedly well after all.” Certainly the many prayers sent to the Throne of God in our behalf have more or less been answered.

Many were the experiences of the Graber descendants. Some uplifting, others rather depressing. Most of us have obtained some of the knowledge we possess at Springvale school. Through rain and shine we plodded across the fields. Most of us were blest with good, strong limbs, and we really had to make use of them. In those days, most of the teachers ruled with an iron rod. (Have Mr. Beatty in mind, especially.) This was to our advantage, we realized in later years.

All of us remember Rev. Flickinger’s orchard, close to the school house. What a temptation that was! It was very difficult for all of us to keep the 8th Commandment. Many were the childish squabbles among us, yet today, I’m sure we can say that we are all friends, and the feeling of well-wishing is mutual.

Well can we all remember how thrilled our little hearts were when we saw the old buggy drawn by a white steed (named “Leddy”), coming down the road, for we knew it was Grandfather and Grandmother. Upon arrival, Grandfather would run his hand into a pocket and bring up a handful of corn or peppermint candy. How delighted we were to visit in their home, for we thought Grandmother always had so many unusually nice things for us.

Let us make a survey of some of the families — for instance, Uncle Pete’s family. They must have been easy to get along with. In fact, we have proof of this. The old gentleman, Jeff, as we knew him then, would not have worked for Uncle Pete so faithfully all those years and retained his good disposition, had it been otherwise. Another thing of interest is the wedding gift Uncle Pete received from South Dakota. It was a horse named Jooch. Bringing it here all that distance was quite diffi-

cult, as transportation was not so advanced.

In Uncle Jacob K.'s family, Uncle and Aunt had days of happiness as well as distress and sorrow. Many of us remember the many accidents Uncle had which disabled him for life. They turned out a family of fine men and women—some of them teachers, artists; yes, even inventors, (Arthur, for instance, many years ago invented the Speed-o-Megitis.) He received the inspiration through some promise he made to Walter. It was never quite completed, due to lack of material. It is on the old home place, should any one be interested.

Let us go on. Take Uncle Pete Kaufman's family, Jacob B., John R., Ben B., and Aunt Carrie and Aunt Katy's families. What products they turned out—nurses, teachers, preachers, doctors, dentists, sculptors, stockmen, blacksmiths, dairymen — most any occupation one might think of. I want to mention the new residence of the Aloert R. family. A very artistic construction, with a lot of history.

We mothers have never dealt too harshly with our little sons, when they came home with different articles which they had traded for. For this was one tradition that was handed down from father to son and from son to grandson. Considering everything, most of the trades were all right, with the exception of an automobile or two. The only drawback there was the fact that if parts had to be replaced, they had to be ordered from Great Britain.

Another fact I should like especially to stress is the wonderful privilege we had of being brought up in the fear of the Lord. Every Sunday morning, when possible, we were scrubbed clean and taken to church. I would like to state here that most of the driving was done with horses then. It so happened that there were many run-aways, and the families had to bail out. Many of us can remember how one little boy of this family drove off with the horses and carriage, and it took most of the families on that section to get them stopped.

Most of the families were large. Before each meal, every child would say his little prayer. Most everybody had "stomach medicine" on hand then. It was usually passed around before the meal, and was poured out into small glasses. As far as I know, not one of the families turned out a drunkard, and the medicine proved very beneficial, as they did not call the doctor as often as we do today.

These are only a few of the many experiences to take us back to our childhood days and bring back the memories of our parents and grandparents. In closing, I wish to say that we owe unspeakably much to those in whose memory we are gathered here. It was through their many hardships and sacrifices we are living in this land of plenty and many privileges. And again I would say we thank God for giving us Christian parents, through whom we are blest today.

Poem Written by Mrs. Ben B. Graber

(Read by the chairman)

Folks and grandfolks and neighbors
Were John B. and Mary Graber;
Came from Russia without money or gold
To find a new home in this country so cold.
First settled in Dakota on bare grassland,
Then came to Kansas, selected Reno and,
Many a hardship they went through;
Many a time they felt discouraged and blue;
Took lots of time and heavy labor
To get the home started, and do a favor
To others who were in the same shoe;
Working together in order to pull through.
Though oft the day was dark and drear,
They stood for the truth without fear.
They helped build up churches and schools
To bring a better system of doctrine and rules.
This lovely place was truly a home,
Where friends and neighbors liked to roam.
With children God had blessed them;
To the Eternal Abode some preceded them;
While others reached a ripe age, but only four
Are left to celebrate with the younger score.
They brought up their family courageous and bold
To follow their footsteps even though feeble and old.
Are we doing our duty as did the folks of old;
Or are we discouraged and growing cold?
Where are our young boys today
In the bloody war, over water away?
Oh Lord, give us a hungry heart
To pray daily and do our part,
That many may find the way to Heaven
For God's using the rod, thus purging from leaven.
Let's all take notice the time and age,
And set our house in order at the right stage.

The Story of the Batkas

(Given from memory by Alma Kaufman Albrecht)

Written by R. A. Graber

Listen, my friends, and you shall hear
The story of the "Batkas" gathered here.
They had their beginning with Grandpa John B.
And his beloved — A certain Goering, Marie.

Grandpa was a man, big and strong,
And wore a beard, shaggy and long.
Grandma was a dainty lady, small;
She always wore her little black shawl.

In faraway Russia they had their birth;
There passed their days of youth, days of mirth.

'Twas in eighteen hundred and seventy-four
That they gathered their brood on the Black Sea's shore.
There was Anna and Mary and Francis and little Pete;
He stood close by Grandmother's feet.

Their eyes looked anxious; quiveringly their hearts beat;
But they had started; they could not retreat.

Over the great Atlantic, rough and deep,
Over the Alleghanies rugged and steep,
Over the broad endless prairies they came,
To Dakota, "land of promise, fortune and fame."

But in Dakota the winters were long and cold.
They feared the winters should they grow old,
So another new home they sought;
To Kansas they came, this land they bought.

God had added to their little fold
John and Elizabeth—Jacob and Katherine bold.
Here they worked and toiled and slaved,
Little by little their pennies they saved.

A house they finally could build;
Also a barn the heavenly Father willed.

The History of the British

From the first settlement of the island to the present time

By John Smith, Esq. of the Middle Temple

London Printed by J. Smith, in Strand, 1725

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Vol. II. The progress of the British from the first settlement to the present time

Vol. III. The progress of the British from the first settlement to the present time

Carrie and also little Ben
Had been added to them, then.
Now the family numbers three hundred-fold,
None blind, or a cripple, and all have minds to speak bold.
The Grandparents no longer feared the cold,
Now that they had grown old.
They now had a comfortable home for two;
They had an orchard and a vineyard, too.
No more debts, no more high interest to pay;
They had reached the dawn of a fairer day.

Their last days in peace and quiet were spent.
Nearly every day to some child they went.
Old white "Leddy" the buggy drew,
Though her back was swayed, yet she was true.
When grandparents came, we children knew
There'd be corn candy, and peppermints, too.
Grandfather never came without his box of snuff,
We grandchildren thought it was awful stuff.
But we have forgotten so long, long ago
Those things that we'd wished were not so.

Their lives, they were simple, 'tis true;
But oh! how sincere their devotion to me and you.
'Tis twenty years and some more,
Since they embarked to Heaven's shore.
They left no great riches; not much silver or gold,
But in our hearts are fond memories, with values untold.
May God grant on some future day,
When we've traveled upward on Heaven's way,
That we'll meet and greet them, and hear them say:
"We're glad that you've come, forever to stay."



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